

The Tragedy of Hamlet

By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my son, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as't were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him: Doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well,
But if it be he I meane hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that;
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips
As are companionous noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaimed blood
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir here's my drift;
And I beleeve it is a fetch of wit.
You laying these sleight sullies on my sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soild with working,
Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
Having ever seene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;

Good

Prince of Denmarke.

Good sir (or so) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and countrey.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir does a this, a does: what was I about to say?
By the Masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence; I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowle,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now,
Your bait of falshood takes this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome and of reach,
With windleses, and with essayes of byas,
By indirects finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my sonne. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord I have.

Pol. God buy ye, fare ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musicke.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have bin so affrighted.

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophel. My Lord as I was sowing in my Closet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockins foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

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